



THE LIBERATOR
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT NO. 25, CORNHILL.
General Agent:
J. P. COLEMAN, 25, CORNHILL.
Advertisements for sale of real estate, or for any other purpose, will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per line for the first week, and 50 cents for each subsequent week. For a full and complete list of the various notices and advertisements, see the first page of the paper.

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LITERARY.

From a Southern Lady's Album.
THE GRAVE-YARD OF THE MIND.

BY L. A. C. C. C.

"The plantations of the South are grave-yards of the mind; the inexpressive countenances of the slaves are monuments of souls expired, and their spiritless eyes their epitaphs."—*J. A. Thome, of Kentucky.*

"Nearly one hundred children of man, now two years ago were slaves. There were high emotions of joy on the countenances of those released ones, when we spoke to them of emancipation. The lighting up of their eyes, the excited feelings of gladness from one to another, expressed feelings of gladness that were not to be mistaken. The underlying principle of freedom which exists in the heart of every one, possessing a vitality as eternal as the God who planted it there, living and burning in the heart of the most degraded slave, like lamps and the darkness of eastern sepulchres, was kindling up brilliantly within them, young as they were, and flashing in smiles upon their faces. They showed by their animated looks and gestures, and lively tones in answering our questions, that they felt that freedom was a blessing. There was as much attention, respectfulness, and general intelligence as we ever saw in any school of the same age."—*Thome and Kimball's description of the parochial school in Antigua.*

A grave-yard where they bury mind!
And monuments of souls we find!
What! can they wrap about with clay
The spirit immortal?
And can the intellect decay,
And yield the worms a carnival?

For what is soul? His nobler worth,
When the earth was chaos dark,
Said, "Light appear," and light was seen;
Who spoke—the waters shrank away
For fear—and Land put on her green
And modest dress—and oak and bay
Unplanted grew, and bowed the head
In worship of their Maker dead.

Who spoke—Sun, and Moon, and Stars
Began to drive their glittering cars
Around the sky, and with Earth,
Who spoke—Ocean breathed, and Air,
And beast and creeping thing came forth,
And paused to hear their God declare
'Tis very good,' while angels gazed
Upon the wondrous scene, and praised.

But when the soul was formed—the last,
Which all his other works surpassed—
He did not merely speak, as when
He made the silver light to flow,
And carped each bill and glen;
But from himself a breath did go,
And it became a soul! The sight
Behold! it is His image bright!

And lives this image but a day,
To die, and moulder with the clay?
And what is mind? A subtle thing,
Which can to lowest depths descend—
Is now upon the morning's wing,
And rides to earth's remotest end—
Is now, with Newton, soaring high,
And reading wonders in the sky—

With Franklin now, in troubled air,
And playing with the lightning there—
Carreting, with Columbus, o'er
The untamed waves Atlantic rolled—
At Tenochtitlan, where in gore
The jeweled king lies stiff and cold—
At Moscow, while the flames laughs loud
In scorn of the oppressor proud.

It is a spirit—now here, now there—
Unfettered, wandering every where.
Yet, who hath heard its spirit-tread,
Or seen it in its wandering?
And can it die? It hath no head,
Or lungs, or heart, or brain, or hand—
A stone, O death, or hurt a dart—
No atoms, Grave, for thee to part.

But what is soul? The life within,
That makes us all we are as men;
Without which we could neither love,
Nor hope, nor taste of Friendship's joy,
Nor fear, nor worship Him above;
Which knows that thought can e'er destroy
His life, and, therefore, feels distress
For sin, and peace in holiness.

Behold its glory!—made to grow
In majesty, and brighter glow
To soar above our present sight,
And still to soar; to learn for aye,
And still to learn with keen delight;
To go from strength to strength each day
For years—to all eternity—
And near to God and nearer be.

See Him, who took the sinner's form,
On Calvary endure the storm
Of wrath divine. Dread thunders roll,
Broad lightning flash, rocks rend and fall,
And earth is trembling to each pole,
And heaven hangs over like a pall,
While Jesus dies, from sin's control,
To save the priceless human soul.

And can this priceless soul expire?
Oh! never! still shall burn its fire,
And still for ever!—God is true,
Yet one doth solemnly declare
That souls are dead, and not a few;
For he hath seen the grave-yard where
The mounds entombed, and awful sight
The mounds which prove the spoiler's might.

The green land where the south wind blows,
And choicest fruit in winter grows;
Where blossoms fling their fragrant forth
Through all the year, and richly freight
Each breeze—the Eden-spot of earth—
But where the slave, with weary gait,
Performs his unrequited toil
Upon the blood-moist, reddened soil.

That green land is the burial-ground.
Just go, and cast your eye around—
Three million monuments are there!
Go, read each dreadful epitaph;
Observe the careless, slouching air,
The wandering talk, the boisterous laugh,
The insane eye, the senseless face,
The voices which the slaves embrace.

And can these slaves have souls as we?
Compared with the enlightened free,
Or judging by the glorious end
For which their being hath been given,
In works of praise each breath to spend,
And ripen for a blissful heaven—
To cultivate both heart and head,
For God—they say their souls are dead.

But still they live! and in each heart
There burns a flame unquenched by art,
Which sheds a dim, yet pleasant light,
As lamps in Eastern sepulchres.
Oh! would you see that flame burn bright,
And face put on the smile that's hers,
And eye assume its brilliancy,
Just break the chain and make them free.

How can a slave look like a man?
No learned page his eye may scan;
Not even the Book of Life is his.
But, branded, scourged, and made to toil
Without reward, he feels he is
A tyrant's tool, and slavery's spoil—
No wife or child may call his own;
They in the prison-house may moan.

And, when his weary work is o'er,
No welcome meets him at the door;
No food is ready to repair
His wasted strength; from salt and corn
A scanty meal he must prepare,
And then he lays him down forlorn,
To sleep 'midst beads—the earth his bed—
Himself a beast, beneath a shed.

Oh! can you still forbear to plead
With him who does the wicked deed?
Can you who see the wretched slave,
And know his heart is full of woe,
And see his eyes with tears to shed,
And yet not strive to set him free?
Can you who see his children's woe,
And know their hearts are full of woe,
And yet not strive to set them free?

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Unheeding, leave your neighbor robbed
Of liberty, of wife, of all!
And hear the sigh convulsive sobbed,
And see him drink the bitter gall—
See an immortal man recline
Upon the earth beside the vine!

And will you let the desert tread
Upon the mind till it is dead?
Why, mind is wealth, of untold price,
Not given to one, what'er his crime;
A legacy from Paradise
To all the world throughout all time.

Had Galileo suffered it, all,
Or Franklin, Harvey, Fulton, Gall—
What riches would the world have lost!
And none can estimate the cost
Of negro-slavery in this land:
Go, read a Homer's poetry,
And Whately's verses chaste and bland,
The first still glowing to be free—
And hear of Demian teaching Ruth—
How Fuller made the largest bush!

And will you suffer slavery's blight
To blast such minds, with blossoms white?
But whate'er was the soul endowed
With all its powers of soaring thought
And holy feeling—see it bowed
And, as a chisel, sold and bought,
And stripped of all its majesty,
Worse—tumbled, else, by tyranny.

Oh! if a man can rob his God
Of riches and offerings, unawed,
Sullied, he blot from yonder sky
The light of day and light of night,
And nothing leave, to meet the eye,
Of five days' work of wondrous might,
Would he not tremble at the thought
Of robbing thus the God who wrought?

But what are smiling, blushing flowers;
Or what is sky at sunset hours;
Or what the Sun, enrobed in fire;
Or Moon, reflecting mild his light;
Or Stars, that tremulously aspire
To stations more glorious height;
Yea, what are they, when all combined,
Compared with one immortal mind?

And yet of this immortal mind,
To give peculiar praise designed,
The man, who holds a man a slave,
Profanely robs the Maker—God.
Oft tell him of the tyrant's grave,
Of hell and the avenging lord,
And may the words of truth and love
As fire and as a hammer prove.

* George M. Horton is a slave of James Horton,
of Chatham county, North Carolina. He is now forty-
two years of age, and is employed as a servant at
Chatham Hill, the seat of the University of that State.
That his heart has felt deeply in this lowest possible
condition of human nature, will easily be believed,
and is impressively confirmed by many of his stanzas.
A small collection of his poems was published in 1829,
by Gales and son of Raleigh, and has been given to
the public recently in the second and third editions.

* James Durham, originally a slave at Philadelphia,
was sold to a physician, who employed him in com-
pounding drugs; he was afterwards sold to a surgeon,
and finally to Doctor Robert Dove, of New Orleans.
In 1788, at the age of twenty-one, he became the most
distinguished physician in that city, and was able to
speak with French, Spanish, and English in their own
languages. Doctor Rush says, "I conversed with him
on medicine, and found him very learned; I thought
I could give him information concerning the treatment
of diseases; but I learned from him more than he
could expect from me."

* Thomas Dallas, an African, residing in Virginia,
did not know how to read or write. He was once asked
how many seconds has an individual lived in his
seventy years, seven months, and seven days old? In
a minute and a half he answered the question. One
of the company took a pen, and, after a long calculation,
said, Fuller had made the sum too large. "No,"
replied the negro, "the error is on your side. You do
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give men their trespasses, neither will your Father
forgive your trespasses.
Mark 11. 25. And when ye stand praying, forgive,
if ye have against any; that your Father also
which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses. But
if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father forgive
your trespasses.

Eph. 4. 32. Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted,
forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's
sake hath forgiven you.
Mat. 18. 21. Then came Peter unto him and said,
Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I
forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him,
I say unto thee until seven times, but, until seventy
times seven. 27. Then the lord of that servant was
moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave
him the debt. But the same servant went out, and
found one of his fellow-servants which owed him a
hundred pence, and he laid hands on him, and took
him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.
And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and be-
sought him, saying, have patience with me, and I will
pay thee all. And he would not, but went and cast
him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when
his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were sorry,
and came and told unto their lord all that was done.
Then his lord said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I
forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:
Shouldst thou not also have had compassion on thy
fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his
lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors,
till he should pay all that was due unto him. So like-
wise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye
from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their
trespasses.

5. Does non-resistance, as delineated in the Constitution
of the N. E. Non-Resistance Society, accord with the
genius and spirit of the gospel?

Gal. 5. 22. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace,
long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness,
temperance: against such there is no law.
James 3. 17. The wisdom that is from above is first
pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated,
full of mercy and good fruits.

1 Cor. 13. 4. Charity suffereth long and is kind—
seeketh not her own—beareth all things, hopeth all
things, endureth all things—never faileth.

James 4. 1. From whence come wars and fightings
among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts
that war in your members?
John 18. 39. My kingdom is not of this world. If my
kingdom were of this world, they would have slain me
long ago. But because it is not of this world, therefore
the Jews could not do so: for their king was the Jews.
John 18. 36. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do. I condemn thee; go and
sin no more.

Acts 7. 59. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon
God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit—Lord,
lay not this sin upon them.
James 5. 6. Ye have condemned and killed the just,
and he doth not resist you.

1 Cor. 4. 12. Being reviled, we bless; being perse-
cuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat.

6. Is it not unwise and unsafe to practice non-resistance,
forgiveness, and returning good for evil under all circumstances?

Rom. 12. 20. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if
he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt
heap coals of fire upon his head.

Mat. 5. 9. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they
shall be called the children of God.

2 Cor. 10. 4. The weapons of our warfare are not
carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down
of strong holds.

1 Pet. 3. 11. Seek peace and ensue it. For the eyes
of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are
open to their prayers: And who is he that will harm
you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But if
ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and ye
will not be afraid of their terror, neither will ye be
shamed.

7. But is not 'resistance to tyrants obedient to God'?

1 Pet. 2. 18. Servants, be subject to your masters
with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also
to the froward.

1 Pet. 2. 13. Submit yourselves to every ordinance
of men for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king
as supreme; or unto governors.

Titus 3. 1. Put them in mind to be subject to principal-
ties and powers, to obey magistrates.

Rom. 13. 1. Let every soul be subject to the higher
powers, for there is no power but of God. The powers
that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore
resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God,
and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damna-
tion.

8. But ought we not to choose and maintain a human
government, to secure our rights and privileges, through
which we may punish evil doers, and be avenged on our
injuries?

1 Tim. 6. 15. The blessed and only Potentate, the
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Mat. 23. 8. And him only shall thou serve.

Mat. 23. 8. Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your
Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And
call no man your father upon the earth: for one is
your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called
masters: for one is your Master, even Christ. But he
that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

Luke 22. 25. The kings of the Gentiles exercise
lordship over them; and they that exercise authority
upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be
so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as
the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth
serve.

1 Cor. 6. 7. Now therefore, there is utterly a fault
among you, because ye go to law one with another:
Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not
rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?

1 Cor. 15. 24. Then cometh the end when he
shall have delivered up the kingdom, even the Father;
when he shall have put down all rule and all authority,
and power. For he must reign till he hath put all
enemies under his feet.

Rev. 16. 6. Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent
reigneth.

10. Will the progress of the gospel of Jesus Christ
depend on human governments, and bring back the world to
a *Thou shalt*?

Dan. 2. 44. In the days of these kings shall the God
of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall not be de-
stroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other
people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all
these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever.

Zech. 14. 9. And the Lord shall be king over all
the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his
name one.

Isa. 65. 21. And they shall build houses and inhabit
them; and plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.
They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall
not plant and another eat:—The wolf and the lamb
shall feed together; they shall not hurt nor de-
stroy in my holy mountain.

LETTER FROM SOPHIA L. LITTLE.
PAWTUCKET, May 25th, 1839.

DEAR FRIEND:
I send you, without further apology, my views on
the subject of peace, hoping you will give them a place
in your paper. Every mind that is in any degree
illumined by heavenly grace, must know that the
doctrine of non-resistance is a sacred, Christian truth
—that we are not to 'render evil for evil, but contri-
wise blessing.' And such a mind must see and de-
plore the corruptions of human governments—the
inefficiency and imperfection of human legislation.
No one, I suppose, can visit either our halls of Con-
gress, or our prisons, without a deep conviction of the
weakness and wickedness of all human governments.
I am not of those who believe that these are necessary
evils. I believe that there is a way, and but one way.
It is by understanding, by embracing the gospel—
Christ is our peace! I mean that God-man, Christ
Jesus, who, through the 'Eternal Spirit,' bore our sins
in His own body on the tree, thus 'obtaining eternal
redemption for us.' Being justified freely by His
grace, we have peace with God through our Lord Je-
sus Christ, &c.

The sum and substance, then, of my peace system
is this; that God's great love to us, manifested by
the death of His Son, binds us to love all men; but that

this love hath no place in our hearts until we have
received the atonement by a humble and hearty ac-
ceptance of the offering on Calvary as the 'propitia-
tion of our